

those praying with me that I knew I was born again. Jesus had forgiven me! The remorse and discouragement all rolled away.

The next day I wrote to my wife, telling her that God had saved me, and that I was coming home. Soon I started back to Colorado, and when I opened the door of my little home, I was singing, "Down at the Cross where my Savior died; down where for cleansing from sin I cried; there to my heart was the Blood applied; glory to His name!"

We pulled out some chairs and started a prayer meeting. My wife said, "Pray that God will give me the kind of religion you have." She prayed the same kind of prayer her drunken husband had prayed, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." In about thirty minutes she had prayed through to a born-again experience.

All my desire for drink was gone, and from then on I could provide for my family. I wrote seventeen letters of restitution to people I had wronged, and paid bills I had left unpaid. The people freely forgave me. Some wrote me beautiful letters. I have never regretted turning my life over to God.

After I was saved, I felt a call to move to the West Coast, but I did not know where the Lord wanted us to go. I received an Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon, and the Lord showed me that this was where He wanted

us. As soon as I had a payday, we packed up and went.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when we arrived, but I told my wife I must find the Apostolic Faith mission that night. The service was just ending when I went in, and I walked right down to the altar.

I had been sanctified, and was seeking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The next night, at about midnight, the Lord gave me that experience.

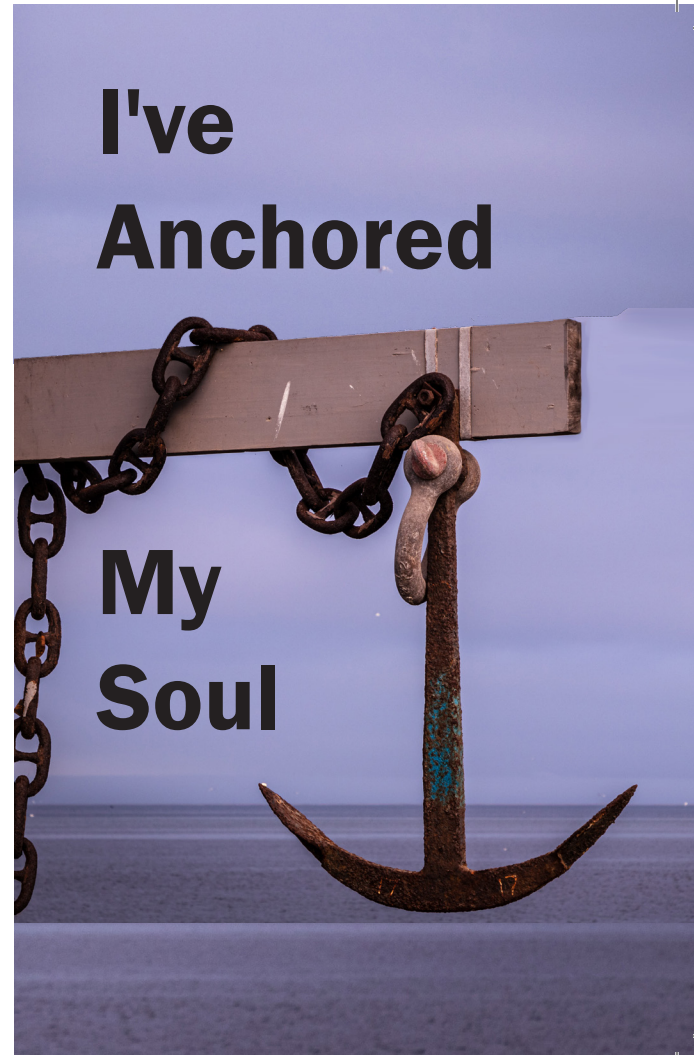
For many years I have witnessed for the Lord in the business world, in Gospel meetings, on the street corners, and in jails and prisons. I can tell all classes of people that I have found something real. I thank God for the power to live a Christian life.

Newton Leshner served God faithfully until his passing in 1963.

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Many years ago, in San Francisco, I heard God's call. I was just a drunken bricklayer, on my way to a union hall, when I heard some Christian people singing, "I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest; I'll sail the wide seas no more." It seemed my feet were riveted to the sidewalk. It took me just one minute to know that what I heard was real.

I had known Jesus as a child. Mother sowed the seeds of Christianity in my heart, and prayed for me. But when we moved from our small town in Colorado, I had no place to go to church, and the love of God slipped out of my life. When I was sixteen years old, I stood by my mother's bed as she died, and promised to meet her in Heaven. I could find no one to help me pray, but I never got away from what she had taught me. I was miserable.

My father was an atheist, and after my mother died, he led me into the pool halls and places of sin. He bought me my first glass of liquor, and taught me to play billiards. Soon, we ran our own billiard hall and I became a professional "pool shark."

Later, I married. I had a good home and made plenty of money, but I spent it on a fast life. Sin robbed my family of bread and my children of shoes. I would stay in the billiard hall late into the night. My wife burned the midnight oil many times waiting for me to come home,

SIN ROBBED MY FAMILY OF BREAD AND MY CHILDREN OF SHOES.

and would trudge through the snow pushing her baby buggy to find her drunken husband.

One cold December day, my wife gave me the last dime in the house, and sent me to buy a loaf of bread. On the way to the store, I passed the pool hall. I forgot my hungry children and went in to try my luck. Sometimes I had won dollars with a dime, but that time I lost.

When I got home, my wife met me and asked, "Where is the bread?" When I told her, she didn't say a word, but big tears rolled down her cheeks. That drove a dagger into my heart, but I was still bound by sin.

One night I was at a party where we were drinking, and someone turned out the lights. In the darkness God spoke to me. I answered, "O God, I'm tired of this life of sin. If You will lead me to a people who serve You, I will give You my life. I will be one of them."

God heard my prayer, and arranged a trip for me to San Francisco, California. My aunt sent two train tickets so I could take my sister to the coast for her health. I left my little family in Colorado, planning to work in San Francisco for a time. I didn't know it, but God was leading me to a better life.

I went to work as a bricklayer, but I kept on drinking until I felt my brain was almost paralyzed. I was heartsick and blue that night I heard the Lord call me again through the song "I've Anchored My Soul." I knew the people singing were God's people, and I heard them tell what God had done. I said, "O God, I would give anything to have what they have!" Satan said, "Do you think God would stoop low enough to help you?" But in my heart I felt that if God had saved them, He would save me too.

That night I went to the Apostolic Faith mission hall where those people were holding a service. No one knew me—a discouraged young man, seventeen hundred miles from a wife and two babies. I listened to the preacher. When the service ended, I walked down to the altar and on my knees I repented with bitter tears. It wasn't an educated prayer I prayed. I could see the black past, but I said, "God, I am willing to make it right." In a flash, the peace of God came into my heart. I could tell